

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM

Words and Music by FRANK HOWARD.

'Tis only a pansy blossom,
Only a withered flower,
Yet to me far dearer than,
All in earth's fair bower,
Bringing me back to June-time,
Of a summer long ago,
The fairest, sunniest summer,
That I shall ever know.
Oft from this pale, dead blossom,
I see a fair face start,
A face like a sweet wild flower,
Out of its faded heart.
Ah! 'tis

Only a pansy blossom,
Only a withered flower'
Yet to me far dearer than,
All in earth's fair bower.
Bringing me back to the June time,
Of a summer long ago,
The fairest, sunniest summer,
That I shall ever know.

Only a pansy I gathered at her feet,
Faded unlike the love,
That made that summer sweet,
Still in this pansy blossom,
Her tender face I see,
From under the church-yard grasses,
Bringing her to back me.
Ah! 'tis

Only a pansy blossom, &c.